

PN 6110 C7 F7

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO



3 1822 01192 2580

PRINCETON VERSE





LIBRARY

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

SAN DIEGO

PN 6110 C. F.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO



3 1822 01192 2580

48

PN
6110
.C7
F7

PRINCETON VERSE

This Edition is limited to one thousand
copies, of which this is

Number 248





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Princeton Verse

Edited by

Raymond Blaine Fosdick, '05



BUFFALO
HAUSAUER, SON & JONES CO.
1904

Copyright, 1904,
by
Raymond Blaine Fosdick
Published May, 1904



To
The Loyal Songs
of
Old Nassau

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

A compilation of this kind needs but little explanation. The purpose of the editor, as suggested by the title, has been to gather together from the various undergraduate publications of Princeton the verses most truly typical of the life and spirit of the college. A selection based on this principle is necessarily a matter of individual choice—"different verses appeal to different people"—and it is highly improbable that all will be completely satisfied with what has been included in this book. Moreover, while access has been had to most of the college publications, many of the earlier manuscripts and periodicals have been so scattered as to render a thorough perusal of them impossible. However, if the book gives but a glimpse of that great, broad, characteristic life, which only a son of Princeton can know and understand, its aim will have been reached and its mission fulfilled.

It is important to note that in some instances the verses included do not represent their writer's best effort, for the editor has endeavored to confine himself as largely as possible to undergraduate work. In a few cases, this boundary has been overstepped; but with these two or three exceptions every verse included in the compilation is the work of a Prince-

ton man while in college, and has appeared at some time or other in an undergraduate publication of the university. The periodicals from which the verses have been taken are: *The Nassau Literary Magazine*, *The Princeton Tiger*, *The Nassau Monthly*, *The College World*, *The Princetonian*, *The Nassau Herald*, and *The University Song Book*.

The interest manifested by the alumni and undergraduates of the university has been a source of great encouragement in the preparation of the book. The editor also wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons, Robert Bridges, '79, Booth Tarkington, '93, Pax P. Hibben, '03, and Raymond B. Mixsell, '03, for permission to print verses of which they hold the copyrights. Especial acknowledgment is due Dr. Henry van Dyke, '73, for his generous interest and assistance.

RAYMOND BLAINE FOSDICK.

Princeton University, May, 1904.

Contents

College and Campus	Page
Old Nassau <i>H. P. Peck, '62.</i>	27
McCosh Walk <i>Edward J. Patterson, '94.</i>	29
On the Recovery of the Cannon <i>F. D. Alexander, '75</i>	30
The Bell of Old North <i>S. X. E., '95.</i>	31
When Witherspoon was President <i>David Potter, '96.</i>	33
The Towers of Princeton <i>Robert Bridges, '79.</i>	35
A Sonnet <i>F. L. Drummond, '88.</i>	37
Class Ode, 1901 <i>Stephen F. Whitman, '01.</i>	38
"We Stand for the Last Time Together" <i>Henry van Dyke, '73.</i>	40

Princeton Verse

James McCosh	Page 42
<i>Robert Bridges, '79.</i>	

Fact and Fancy

In Winter	45
<i>Booth Tarkington, '93.</i>	
The Truth-Seekers	46
<i>Francis Charles McDonald, '96.</i>	
Mistress Margery's Wedding Gown	47
<i>Burton Egbert Stevenson, '94.</i>	
"Good Night, Beloved"	49
<i>Edward P. Davis, '79.</i>	
Song of the Mariner's Needle	50
<i>Anonymous, '56.</i>	
A Faun Song	52
<i>Edward H. Butler, '04.</i>	
Hylas	53
<i>Marion M. Miller, '86.</i>	
The Early Snow	54
<i>R. D. Dripps, '98.</i>	
The Best	55
<i>Jesse Lynch Williams '92.</i>	

Contents

Two Types	Page 56
<i>Henry van Dyke, '73.</i>	
Lines on a Ring	59
<i>Loren M. Luke, '93,</i>	
The Four Voices	60
<i>William Ashenhurst Dunn, '93.</i>	
Roses	62
<i>Raymond S. Williams, '04.</i>	
The Pearl	63
<i>Wilfred M. Post, '97.</i>	
Triolets	64
<i>Pax P. Hibben, '03.</i>	
My Lady Jane	65
<i>McCreedy Sykes, '94.</i>	
A Bag o' Wind	67
<i>Anonymous, '85.</i>	
The Ripple's Request	68
<i>"J. W. Leslie," '69.</i>	
Lullaby	70
Dwells a Maiden	71
<i>Thomas Noel Wrenn, '01.</i>	

Princeton Verse

	Page
Inconstancy	72
<i>Francis Charles McDonald, '96.</i>	
Song	73
<i>N. E. W., '75.</i>	
Eleanor	76
<i>Anonymous, '97.</i>	
The Death of Byron	78
<i>Ralph S. Thompson, '01.</i>	
"Upon the Road a Comin' Home at Night"	79
<i>Jesse Lynch Williams, '92.</i>	
The Song of the Hammock	80
<i>Pax P. Hibben, '03.</i>	
Janus!	83
<i>George R. Wallace, '91.</i>	
Lines	84
<i>Henry van Dyke, '73.</i>	
Solitude	86
<i>William F. Dix, '89.</i>	
Interpretations	87
<i>Ralph Duffield Small, '92.</i>	
Inscriptions	88
<i>James Barnes, '91.</i>	

Contents

	Page
The Rose's Tomb	89
<i>Loren M. Luke, '93.</i>	
Thought-Flight	90
<i>Charles Bertram Newton, '93.</i>	
A War Song of the Norse Land	91
<i>Anonymous, '47.</i>	
Bob White	93
<i>Francis Charles McDonald, '96.</i>	
The Sibyl's Response	94
<i>Mark H. Liddell, '87.</i>	
Just for a Minute	96
<i>F. J. H. Sutton, '98.</i>	
Endymion	97
<i>Marion M. Miller, '86.</i>	
The Moon	98
<i>George T. Bispham, '04.</i>	
The Hothouse Violet Speaks	99
<i>Robert Bridges, '79.</i>	
A. D., 1608	101
<i>William Miller Gamble, '98.</i>	
Transition	103
<i>Jesse Lynch Williams, '92.</i>	

Princeton Verse

	Page
The Stupid People	105
<i>Booth Tarkington, '93.</i>	
Forgetting	106
<i>Anonymous, (about 1857) .</i>	
Snow!	108
<i>Anonymous, '72.</i>	
The One of Three	110
<i>Francis Charles McDonald, '96.</i>	
Ode	111
<i>Horace B. Wallace, '35.</i>	
Ruy Blas	113
<i>Pax P. Hibben, '03.</i>	
"As a Watch in The Night"	115
<i>R. C. Hallock, '82.</i>	
Antiquated Volumes	117
<i>William M. Gamble, '98.</i>	
The Dear White Hand	118
<i>Henry van Dyke, '73.</i>	
The After-Echo	120
<i>Henry van Dyke, '73.</i>	
Sleeping	122
<i>Burton Egbert Stevenson, '94.</i>	

Contents

	Page
To Marian, (Actat Four)	123
<i>Ralph S. Thompson, '01.</i>	
An Order	125
<i>C. F. McClumpha, '85.</i>	
The Song, the Sigh, the Tear	127
<i>Anonymous, '58.</i>	
Influence	129
<i>Robert H. Schauffler, '02.</i>	
A Song of the Sea	130
<i>Charles Francis Dunn, '97.</i>	
Back-Log Moods	133
<i>James B. Hunt, '02</i>	
The Valley of Rest	134
<i>"Carl," '68.</i>	
A Norse Love Song	136
<i>Kenneth S. Goodman, '06</i>	
The Alchemist	137
<i>Thomas Noel Wrenn, '01 .</i>	
From an Old Boot	139
<i>Edward H. Butler, '04,</i>	
On the Glacier	141
<i>Henry van Dyke, '73.</i>	

Princeton Verse

	Page
The Soldier's Toast	142
<i>Ralph S. Thompson, '01.</i>	
The Mountains	144
<i>Edward P. Davis, '79.</i>	
A Reverie	146
<i>George R. Wallace, '91.</i>	
A Song	148
<i>Francis Charles McDonald, '96.</i>	

Lights and Shadows

When Bess Goes Out	153
<i>William T. MacIntyre, '02.</i>	
The Proud Lover	154
<i>Booth Tarkington, '93.</i>	
With Apologies to Scott	155
<i>Anonymous, '98.</i>	
The Result	156
<i>Anonymous, '00</i>	
The Chrysanthemum	158
<i>Anonymous, '97.</i>	
Jean	159
<i>George R. Wallace, '91.</i>	

Contents

	Page
The D. T's	160
<i>Anonymous, '00.</i>	
Tempora Mutantur	161
<i>Anonymous, '97.</i>	
Triolets of Tennis	162
<i>Marion M. Miller, '86.</i>	
Post Mortem	164
<i>Anonymous, '97.</i>	
Milton Modernized	165
<i>Anonymous, '94.</i>	
Slow	166
<i>G. W. Gilmore, '83.</i>	
En Garde!	167
<i>William T. MacIntyre, '02.</i>	
To a Mosquito	168
<i>Anonymous, '58.</i>	
A Fragment	170
<i>Edwin A. Dix, '81.</i>	
Apropos	172
<i>C. W. McIlvaine, '85.</i>	
The Lecturer	173
<i>Anonymous, '84.</i>	

Princeton Verse

	Page
In Vain	174
<i>C. F. McClumpha, '85.</i>	
A Mixture	175
<i>Anonymous, '71.</i>	
A Bust	177
<i>Anonymous, '97.</i>	
A Grave Undertaking	178
<i>P., '79.</i>	
Unkind	180
<i>Anonymous, '97.</i>	
'Tis Ever So	181
<i>William T. MacIntyre, '02.</i>	
Discovered	183
<i>Anonymous, '91.</i>	
My Lady's Violets	184
<i>Francis Charles McDonald, '96.</i>	
In Spring	185
<i>Anonymous, '00.</i>	
Chess	186
<i>Anonymous, (about 1825)</i>	
A Sermon in Stone	188
<i>Anonymous, '91.</i>	

Contents

	Page
A Solution	189
<i>Anonymous, '96</i>	
In Olden Time	190
<i>Charles Francis Dunn, '97.</i>	
Bold	191
<i>Anonymous, '91.</i>	
An Invention	192
<i>Charles G. Leland, '45.</i>	
Educated	193
<i>Anonymous, '91.</i>	
Rondeau	194
<i>Anonymous, '95.</i>	
Ethics	195
<i>George R. Wallace, '91.</i>	
General Xerses and the Battle of Salamis	196
<i>Anonymous, '72.</i>	
"Beware"	198
<i>John C. Mathis, '86.</i>	
Not So Sure	199
<i>Anonymous, '93.</i>	
Feminine Resistance	200
<i>Anonymous, '95.</i>	

Princeton Verse

	Page
Song of the Ace	201
<i>Anonymous, '82.</i>	
Triolet	202
<i>R. D. Dripps, '98.</i>	
Unaccountable	203
<i>Anonymous, '95.</i>	
Au Bal Masque	204
<i>Anonymous, '00.</i>	
The Reason	205
<i>H. F. Covington, '92.</i>	
Her King	206
<i>Anonymous, '96.</i>	
The Fair Spectator	207
<i>Robert E. Rinehart, '04.</i>	
A Query	208
<i>Anonymous, '95.</i>	
A Reminiscence	209
<i>Anonymous, '95.</i>	
Inevitable	210
<i>Anonymous, '93.</i>	
A Favoring Wind	211
<i>Anonymous, '95.</i>	

Contents

	Page
A Triolet	212
<i>Marion M. Miller, '86.</i>	
Recept for a Song	213
<i>Frederic R. Torrance, '97.</i>	

A RONDEAU OF COLLEGE RHYMES

*Our college rhymes—how light they seem,
Like little ghosts of love's young dream
That led our boyish hearts away
From lectures and from books, to stray
By flowery mead and flowing stream!*

*There's nothing here, in form or theme,
Of thought sublime or art supreme:
We would not have the critic weigh
Our college rhymes.*

*Yet if a slender, living beam
Of feeling's glow or fancy's gleam
Still lingers in the lines we lay
At Alma Mater's feet to-day,
The touch of nature may redeem
Our college rhymes.*

HENRY VAN DYKE.

May 27, 1904.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS

Old Nassau

H. P. Peck, '62

Tune every heart and every voice!
Bid every care withdraw:
Let all with one accord rejoice
In praise of "Old Nassau!"

Chorus.

In praise of "Old Nassau," my boys,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Her sons will give, while they shall live,
Three cheers for "Old Nassau."

Let music rule the fleeting hour—
Her mantle round us draw;
And thrill each heart with all her pow'r,
In praise of "Old Nassau!"

No flow'ry chaplet would we twine
To wither and decay;
The gems that sparkle in her crown
Shall never pass away!

Princeton Verse

Their sheen forever shall impart
A zeal beyond compare;
And fire each ardent, youthful heart
To boldly do and dare!

No earthly honors we bequeath,
For Truth is her great law;
And Virtue's amaranthine wreath
Shall speak for "Old Nassau!"

And when these walls in dust are laid,
With reverence and awe,
Another throng shall breathe our song,
In praise of "Old Nassau!"

Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing—
Long life to "Old Nassau!"

McClush Walk

Edward J. Patterson, '94

Grand aisle of elms! your graceful arms,
Your trunks grown dark from storm,
Your leafy canopy o'erhead
Cathedral arches form.
Your shaded cloisters echo praise,
As soft the branches sway,
Of the grand old man who daily walks
Beneath your vaulted way.

On the Recovery of the Cannon

(Stolen by Some Rutger's Students)

F. D. Alexander, '75

Thrice welcome to thine ancient resting place,
Thou sturdy partisan of our battling sires!
Full oft thy angry roar and flashing fires,
That spoke for Freedom and the weaker race,
Struck terror to the hearts of hirelings base
And bore stern answer to their harsh desires,
And traced in blood the line that man requires
'Twixt Might and Right. Resume thine honored
place,
Whence torn by Vandal hands and borne afar,
From scenes that knew, and hearts that treasured
thee;
Thou mad'st a void in both. Now lost no more,
Thy mouth that once breathed hot the blasts of
war,
We cover deep beneath thy wonted tree,
And bless thee for thy glorious deeds of yore!

The Bell of Old North

On the Night of the Death of Ex-President McCosh

S. X. E., '95

Aloft in the gray tower

 The plodding academic hours it rung,
The fitting steps of merriment and mirth
 Chimed from the iron tongue.

Rapid and harsh the clang,—

 The footfalls clattered on the flags below,
Steadily, soullessly the bell proclaimed
 The time to come and go.

In the green April days—

 At Yule, slow clanking through the sleety mass,
Ever a customary, changeless din;
 An empty sound of brass.

But when the Master died,

 In darkness came a cry from out the tower,
Human and low—was it indeed the bell,
 That still had told the hour?

Princeton Verse

Not in the measured haste
That stirred to speed the lagging college folk;
With the regretful rhythm of a sob
The monitor outspoke.

Tenderly, mournfully,
A solemn music thrilled the brazen round,
As all in grief had the great voice of Time
Broke to a sweeter sound.

Rustled the ivy twine,
Swayed the long tendrils with the saddened bell,
And trembling through each heart a murmur ran
Responsive to the knell.

When Witherspoon was President

David Potter, '96

Their manners had a formal cast
A century or more ago,
Their bow was suited, as they passed,
To place in academic row,
With "honored sir" and "humbly so,"
Their speech was truly reverent—
True learning did true grace bestow,
When Witherspoon was president.

The clothes they wore would now be classed
At best as but a curio,
Huge buckles held their slippers fast—
Low-cut and pointed at the toe.
Gray-powdered hair, small-clothes below
A long blue coat fresh splendor lent—
In sooth they made a goodly show
When Witherspoon was president.

But when the trumpet's warring blast
 Had knelled the fate that tyrants know,
They proved no laggards at the last
 And sprang to meet their country's foe.
Their master's words undying glow—
 “To slavery there's no consent,
My fame, my life is on the throw”—
 When Witherspoon was president.

Aye—manners, customs, clothes may flow,
 Unchanging is such sentiment—
We would have done as they, I trow,
 When Witherspoon was president.

The Towers of Princeton

(From the Train)

Robert Bridges, '79

There they are! above the green trees shining—
Old towers that top the castles of our dreams,
Their turrets bright with rays of sun declining—
A painted glory on the window gleams.

But, oh, the messages to travellers weary
They signal through the ether in the dark!
The years are long, the path is steep and dreary,
But there's a bell that struck in boyhood—hark!

The note is faint—but ghosts are gayly trooping
From ivied halls and swarming 'neath the trees.
Old friends, you bring new life to spirits droop-
ing—
Your laughter and your joy are in the breeze!

Princeton Verse

They're gone in dusk,—the towers and dreams are
faded,—

But something lingers of eternal Youth;
We're strong again, though doubting, worn, and
jaded;

We pledge anew to friends and love and truth!

Copyright, 1902, Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Sonnet

F. L. Drummond, '88

The leafless trees stand cold and stiff and stark;
O'er all the fields doth fall the lambent light
From the wan window of the queen of night,
And wakes fantastic fancies; where, half dark,
With classic walls, whereon the ivies cling,
Half shade, but in the fairy flood, half bright,
Old Nassau stands. Oh rare and blessed sight!
None thread her hallowed halls; no voices ring,
Nor echoes sound; enchanting night claims all.
Time-honored walls, what deeds thy years have
known!
What laureled fame thy faithful sons have won!
In silent slumber rest. Sleep, sacred hall;
Sleep now, but when nepenthic night is flown,
Ah, then awake! Thy work is not yet done.

1901 Class Ode

Stephen F. Whitman, '01

I.

Sons of those ancient grey-stone walls
 Beneath whose vines the echoes lurk,
Of long dead British bugle-calls
 And guns that lit the battle's murk,—
Behind us are the thronging ghosts
 Of deeds that lived, and men that pass
And raise faint cheers, in phantom hosts,
 To Princeton and their Class.

II.

The spirit of Nassau lives on
 Beneath the elms that nod good-bye
To us, as to those men long gone
 Guarding it till they came to die;
And when the silence closes round
 Our mute farewell, it comes to pass
A whisper rises from the ground:
 "For Princeton and the Class."

III

Brothers, our feet are passing through
The gates that point the Unknown Way—
Among the paths we loved and knew
We are the men of yesterday;
But looking backward through the tears,
We swell that echo from the Past
That floats across the buried years;
“For Princeton,—and our Class.”

“We Stand for the Last Time Together”

Henry Van Dyke, '73

We stand for the last time together,
Hand to hand, face to face, heart to heart;
A day may divide us forever,
We'll sing one more song ere we part.
As friends when the banquet is ending,
Stand closer to give one last cheer,
So tonight let our voices all blending,
Ring out our last song loud and clear.

Not a bright flower-garland is faded,
Every wine-cup with roses is drest;
Not a face at the banquet is jaded,
The last of the feast is the best.
Yet a shade falls across all the brightness,
From the wings of the hours flying past,
Every heart feels a weight on its lightness,—
The thought that the best is the last.

College and Campus

Each rose is a vanishing pleasure,
Which memory plucks to enfold
In her many-leaved book, as a treasure
More precious than jewels or gold.
Long after its color has perished,
Long after its freshness has flown,
The rose for its fragrance is cherished,
To tell of the days that are gone.

Here's a health to the hours departed,—
Farewell to our glad college years!
Here's a health to the future,—light hearted,
We greet it in hope, not with fears.
One more,—'tis the last ere we sever!
Each voice in the chorus rings free!
Old Princeton, we'll love her forever,—
Here's a health, Alma Mater, to thee!

James McCosh*

(1812-1894)

Robert Bridges, '79

Young to the end through sympathy with youth,
Gray man of learning—champion of truth!
Direct in rugged speech, alert in mind,
He felt his kinship with all humankind,
And never feared to trace development
Of high from low—assured and full content
That man paid homage to the Mind above,
Uplifted by the “Royal Law of Love.”

The laws of nature that he loved to trace
Have worked, at last, to veil from us his face;
The dear old elms and ivy-covered walls
Will miss his presence, and the stately halls
His trumpet-voice; while in their joys
Sorrow will shadow those he called “my boys”!

**Eleventh President of Princeton University.*

Copyright, 1902, Charles Scribner's Sons.

FACT AND FANCY

In Winter

Booth Tarkington, '93

I

She sent my letters back;
 I did the same;
Mine I translated to
 Rose-colored flame.
Long I stood—burning them—
 Watching them glow,—
Pictures of Isabel
 Would come and go.

II

We met in summertime;
 I loved her when
Tree-tops were whispering,
 And—told her then.
Long I stood—burning them—
 Rose into blue,—
Foolish lad!—loving her
 In winter too!

By special permission.

The Truth-Seekers

Francis Charles McDonald, '96

They who sought Truth since dawn
And sought in vain,
Now, at the close of day,
Come with slow step and faces drawn
With nameless pain,
To meet the night half way.

“She whom we love is not!
Of her no sight
Had we, nor faintest trace!”
“Nay, here am I ye sought!”—
Beyond the night
They met her, face to face.

Mistress Margery's Wedding Gown

Burton Egbert Stevenson, '94

With bright-red cheeks and laughing eyes,
Long years ago, you understand,
Her foot in the cutest of "Oxford ties,"
And a reticule swinging from her hand,
She trips across the dewy grass,
On her careless zig-zag way to town,
(She's rather a flirt, I fear, alas!)
For Mistress Margery's wedding gown.

And she meets my grandfather close by the stile,
(I think he'd been waiting there, the knave!)
And blushes and gives him good morn with a smile,
As sweet as ever a maiden gave.
His heart was light and his laugh was gay,
As they journeyed together toward the town,
(That laugh since gone and the hair now gray)—
For Mistress Margery's wedding gown.

Full many a passer turned his head,
And smiled to himself in a meaning way,
As he noticed her face suffused with red,
And all that his glances seemed to say—

Princeton Verse

But little they heeded the passers-by,
Whether they wore a smile or frown,
As they tripped along right merrily
For Mistress Margery's wedding gown.

The gown was a wonderful thing to see,
With its streams of ribbons and flounces of lace,
And my sly grandfather suggested that she
Should try it on for a moment's space.
She looked so pretty with rumpled hair,
And bashful eyes cast demurely down,
That grandfather kissed her then and there,
In Mistress Margery's wedding gown.

The rest of the story I hardly know,
For grandfather tells one tale, you see,
And grandmother says it isn't so—
Pray what can one think when they disagree?
The facts of the case I simply rehearse;
They were married that day ere the sun went
down—
And she stepped from the church "for better or
worse,"
In Mistress Margery's wedding gown.

“Good Night, Beloved”

Edward P. Davis, '79

Good night, beloved, in the West
The sun is pitching his cloud-built tent:
Good night, beloved, for his rest
The winds are sighing a sad lament.
Good night, beloved, purple bars
Have closed the sunset's rosy lane;
Good night, beloved, golden stars
Are budding forth in the azure plain.
Good night, beloved, from a bough
A bird is calling to his mate;
Good night, beloved, softly now
I say, “Good night,” 'tis growing late.

Song of the Mariner's Needle

Anonymous, '56

Ho! burnish well, ye cunning hands,
A palace-home for me,
For I would ride in royal state
Across the briny sea.
Bring ivory from the Indian main,
To pave my mystic floor,
And build my dome of crystal sheen,
My walls of shining ore.

Now mount the wave, ye fearful ones,
Though raging storms assail,
My sparry lance o'ercometh all—
My arm is sheathed in mail.
The storm fiend wraps his murky clouds
Around your trembling sight,
But I can pierce that gloomy veil,
And soar beyond the night.

The lone Enchantress of the Deep,
I rule its boisterous realm;
Watch ye my lithe and quivering wand,
To guide your straining helm.

Fact and Fancy

Ay, bend your anxious gaze on me!
The Polar star is dim,
And waves and tempests fill the night
With Ocean's awful hymn.

For I commune with spirit-forms
Within my wizard cell,
And brooding shadows wing their flight
Before my magic spell.
O angel of my constant heart!
O peerless Northern star!
What midnight shall our spirits part—
Our sweet communings mar?

And sapient eyes have watched me long,
And science has grown gray,
And still ye dream not how or why
I keep my wondrous way.
Ye know me as ye know the storm
That heaps your heaving path;
Ye love me, though, since mine is not
The mystery of wrath!

A Fann Song

Edward H. Butler, '04

Come to the fountain and drink with me,
My little love of the twinkling eye;
Come when the woods are sound asleep,
When the ocean's moaning is low and deep,
And the evergreen gives it sigh for sigh;
When a dry moon burns in a burning sky,
And the broken hearts of the willows weep,
And the winds in the willow cry.

All night by the river, hand in hand,
We'll wander down till the stars are gone;
Till the red moon hangs in the lap of the hills,
Big through the gathering mist that fills
The silent land in the early morn;
Till the breezes fail in the lispig corn
The first light widens across the rills
And the bird wakes up in the thorn.

Copyright, 1903, by the Nassau Literary Magazine.

Hylas

Marion M. Miller, '86

“Hylas, oh Hylas!” Crying words like these,
Through field and forest wandered Hercules,
Forgetting them who manned the Argo tall,
Forgetting home and country, glory, all,
Yea, e'en that golden prize beyond the seas.

Wildly he shouted, till the murmuring breeze
Resounded mockingly from cliff and trees
Its whispered echo of his eager call,
“Hylas, oh Hylas!”

When Jason's wisdom, Orpheus' harmonies
And all the things of earth no longer please,
How oft we turn and let the tear-drops fall
For one whose *love* alone held us in thrall,
And cry in anguish on our bended knees
“Hylas, oh Hylas!”

The Early Snow

R. D. Dripps, '98

Over the meadows brown and bare,—
Born of the wind and the silver night,
A myriad host of snowdrops lie,
Silent and still in the morning light.

They gleam in the rosy hush of dawn,
On lowland valley and hills afar,
White as the spray of the summer sea
Or the trailing light of an evening star.

Sunset tinges the western sky;
But into the earth they have fled away,
And brown and barren the fields remain
When over their furrows the moonbeams play.

Snowdrops out of the night are we;
The sunset of God is yet to be.

The Best

Jesse Lynch Williams, '92

Thus wrote the Arab: "Death is rest,
Silent its lips; it makes no boast—
Calms the loud heart and smoothes away
The careworn wrinkles of the day;
Best gift of Allah! hated most,
I, Haroun, say it is the best!"

•

Two Types

(A Memory)

Henry Van Dyke, '73

You know the path: we've often walked
 Together in its pleasant ways,
In silent sympathy, or talked
 On quiet themes, in by-gone days.

It led by stile and gate and lane,
 From where the College buildings stood,
Down past a waving field of grain,
 To the still shadow of a wood.

A little stream beside us flowed,—
 You've often drunken at its source,—
And when its windings left the road,
 A brighter green still marked its course.

And just within the woodland shade,
 A low stone bridge the brooklet crossed;
And there the water music made
 In narrow channel, deeply mossed.

Fact and Fancy

So sweet and happy seemed its way,
 So set in flowers, so free from strife,
I said: "In pleasantness, I pray,
 "This brook may symbolize my life.

"Shut out from worldly hopes and fears,
 "Living apart with those I love,
"Ah! may the flow of coming years
 "Through such a bright seclusion move."

We wandered on with loitering pace;
 The path then turned towards the left,
And passing through an open space,
 Another woodland thicket cleft.

So winding on, through shadows cool,
 We found a quarry, long deserted,
And in it lay a stagnant pool,
 With rankest marsh-weeds thickly skirted.

Shut out from sunlight by the screen
 Of leaves, which scarce a ray could break,
Nought stirred the surface, mantling green,
 Save the smooth-gliding water snake.

Princeton Verse

You, pausing, thought awhile and said,

“Type of a selfish, useless life!

“Unbroken rest is of the dead;

“We must endure the toil and strife.

“We may not shut us from our kind,

“We cannot make an Eden here,

“We may not break the ties that bind

“Us all to human hope and fear.

“That idle, babbling brook we crossed

“Can never pause within the wood;

“And not a single drop is lost,

“But passes on to do some good.

“Summer and rest and youth are sweet;

“We take the good that God bestows;

“And yet we may not stay our feet,

“For life is death unless it flows.”

The thought is old and trite, and yet

I think it must be good and true;

I know I shall not soon forget

The stagnant pool, the type you drew.

Lines on a Ring

Loren M. Luke, '93

Oh precious drop of crystal dew,
Set in a tiny band of gold,
Which doth within its little grasp
A blue-veined finger softly hold—
Thou failest if thy radiant rays
Are seeking—bold attempt 'twould be!—
To show a fraction of the love
That beams from Edith's eyes on me.

The Four Voices

William Ashenhurst Dunn, '93

Voice of the joyous morn
Come from the gleaming borders of the east,
Cease chanting to yon lonely morning star,
And tell me what glad song the new day sings
Beyond those mist-robed hills. Tell me the song
With all its hope, but let it die away
Before its tones sink deep into my soul,
For thou art sweet, but fleeting, voice of morn.

Voice of the garish noon,
Come from thy haunts beside the stealing streams,
Or let me hear thee in the boughs above;
Tell me the secrets of the fainting fields,
And why the earth is silent at thy word,
As though in dread of some great agony;
But touch me not as thou hast touched the fields,
For thou art fierce and cruel, voice of noon.

Voice of the eventide,
Come from the lingering twilights of the west,
Gather the whispering cadence of the winds,
The swelling music of the distant sea,

Fact and Fancy

The peaceful breathing of the sombre woods,
Into one deep and solemn harmony,
And let me hear it, but in whispered tones,
For thou dost sing of death, voice of the eventide.

Voice of the silent night,
Come from the shadows of the star-crowned hills,
Speak thou to me, voice of eternal peace,
Tell me the music of the sleeping fields,
The solemn stillness of the waning stars,
The subtle influence of this voiceless calm,
And let thy music sink into my soul
For thou art sweet and holy, voice of night.

Roses

Raymond S. Williams, '04

The roses of yesterday—where are they?
Faded, brown, and blown away?
 Reft of their beauty and radiant bloom,
 Come other buds to take their room?
Well, ah, well, they have had their day.

But bolder buds preserve, they say,
Into the summer the cheeks of May.
 These, gallantry forbids assume
 The roses of yesterday.

Old cynic, you laugh in your crabbed way,
“Young together, I am gray.
 Strange how they avert Time's doom.”
 Forbear, old laughter, to exhume—
Time hath no need that you betray
 The roses of yesterday.

Copyright, 1902, by the Nassau Literary Magazine.

The Pearl

Wilfred M. Post, '97

And whence thy loveliness, child of the wave?
True Aphrodite, ocean-born, on thee
Bright Dian, gazing, thought the inconstant sea
So fair an image back to her ne'er gave.
Ah! who would think to find deep in yon cave
Thy beauty's secret, where upon the free,
Wide doors of the dead shell in some dark lea,
Dull seaweeds twine like leaves upon a grave?
Fair jewel! Thou can'st not understand my
speech—

How that thy heart of sand cut like a knife
Into thy mother's womb, beside the beach;
How year on year she bore the anguished strife,
That thou might'st grow in beauty and so teach
Us evermore the lesson of thy life.

Triolets

Pax P. Hibben, '03

Hearts are tied with tiny threads,
 Love, when love has but begun:
Down of dreams in golden shreds—
Hearts are tied with tiny threads.
Soft-played songs run through our heads,
 Bound with silks, of memory spun;
Hearts are tied with tiny threads,
 Love, when love is but begun.

Love, when love has long been old,
 Hearts are hung on slender strings:
Songs, forgotten, cease to hold
 Love, when love has long been old.
Dreams are dead; at last grow cold,
 Who shall plead for precious things:
Love, when love has long been old,
 Hearts are hung on slender strings.

Copyright, 1902, by the Princeton Tiger.

My Lady Jane

McCready Sykes, '94

Only a portrait hanging there
 (She lived many years and years ago),
With the mellow tint and the warm, soft shade
 That a hundred and fifty years bestow.
And at evening, ere I have lit my lamp,
 When I draw the curtain across the pane,
And the fire casts shadows on the wall,
 I sit alone with my Lady Jane.

In the farther corner a quaint old clock
 With ominous ticks beats the hours away;
And all things else, save my Lady's face,
 Seem to suffer a change by time's decay;
But ever there steals a faint perfume
 From the bunch of roses upon her breast;
The calm repose of a by-gone age
 By the smile on her lips that is half repressed.

Was life so gay in those far-off day,
 So free from care and from vain regret,
That ladies smiled the whole day through
 As this sweet lady is smiling yet?

But I think if I read *her* face aright
She was smiling at someone, someone who—
Across such a hopeless lapse of time
I'm afraid I can hardly tell, can you?

'Tis only a fancy, of course; I know,
As I hazard a guess who the one might be,
But I like to imagine—when no one's near—
That once in a while she smiles at me.
For she seems to step from the gilded frame
As I sit and dream she's alive again;
And I talk to her—but she never speaks,
So very demure is my Lady Jane.

She never speaks, but she understands;
I haven't a secret—she knows them all!
It's charming to have such a *confidante*,
So sympathetic and safe withal.
So the wind may whistle around the house,
Or the rain coming dashing against the pane;
Beat as it may—I am quite content
Sitting alone with my Lady Jane.

A Bag o' Wind

Anonymous, '85

"A bag o' wind!" Upon it piled
A mass of men in tussle wild.
Down in the dirt they writhe and roll,
Each lost so in one struggling whole,
His mother would not know her child.
Now rises one (a "rusher" styled),
With garments torn and dust defiled,
Who, panting, bears beneath the pole
"A bag o' wind."

'Tis thus in life. Fresh as a child
We enter in the contest wild
For this world's prize, and at the goal
We find we hug up to our soul
(All worn and torn and sin-defiled)
A bag o' wind.

The Ripple's Request

"J. W. Leslie," '69

Throw us a sunbeam to play with!
We'll break it and shiver it,
Shake it and quiver it,
All to the tune that the noon breezes bring.
The wild rose that blushes
'Mid green stalks and rushes,
The sky-gazing lily our coming that fears,
In vain try to catch it;
We waters will snatch it,
And break it in sparkles of diamonds and tears.

Throw us a flow'ret to play with!
We'll twist it and twirl it,
And spin it and whirl it,
Giddily toss it and float it along.
Vainly it cleaves
To the half-drowning leaves
That stooped from the bank and are prisoners, too.
Green weeds cannot save it;
The breeze plucked and gave it
To us, and we'll play with it all the day through.

Fact and Fancy

Send us, oh! send us a moonbeam!
No longer we'll riot,
But quiet, so quiet,
Deep sleep we will feign, lest it leave us again;
For the silvery beam
Loves to lie on the stream,
And to stir not, but dream while the night breezes
sigh;
And we scarce dare to creep
'Round the lily asleep,
For fear it should hide once again in the sky.

Lullaby*

Peaceful slumb'ring on the ocean,
Sailors fear no danger nigh,
The winds and waves in gentle motion
Soothes them with its lullaby
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing?
Still no danger they descry—
The guileless heart its boon bestowing
Soothes them with its lullaby
Soothes them with its lullaby.

**A song sung by Princeton Students before the Revolution.
From an old manuscript.*

Dwells a Maiden

Thomas Noel Wrenn, '01

In the dim and lofty vistas
Of a forest, of a forest
That no man has ever seen,
Dwells a maiden, saintly maiden;
Dwells alone, a lonely queen
Of a wild enchanted forest,
That no man has ever seen.

In the grey and dreary twilight
Of a valley, of a valley
Where the forest flowers exhale
Drowsy perfumes, poison perfumes,
Sits a maiden, silent, pale;
Sits alone within this valley
Wreathing wreaths of grasses frail.

In the hushed and gloomy shadows
Of a forest, tangled forest,
Where no moonbeams ever gleam,
Dwells a maiden, saintly maiden;
Dwells alone, and dwells supreme,
In a dim and distant forest—
In the forest of a Dream.

Inconstancy

Francis Charles McDonald, '96

I sighed as the soul of April fled,
And a tear on my cheek
Told of the love I had born the dead—
And I signed the cross, and bowed my head—
And was sad for a week.

With a carol and catch the May came in
With her wonderful way—
And I saucily chucked her under the chin,
And tuned me the strings of my violin—
And was glad for a day.

Song

N. E. W., '75

Mem'ry's golden bell is ringing,
Loud its echo, clear, and free,
From the sunny Bygone bringing
Many a merry chime to me.
Listen to its sweet-toned pealing;
Gladness is the note it swells;
And its music, softly stealing
Through my heart, this story tells:
Sunlight ever! Darkness never!
Life glides on so merrily!
Ring out sadness, welcome gladness,
Sorrow was not meant for thee.

Mem'ry's silver bell is thrilling
Gently from the Olden Time,
All my soul with music filling,
While it echoes back its chime.
And its music faintly swelling,
Trembles sadly sweet and low,
To my heart this story telling,
Of the dear old long ago:

Princeton Verse

Truly living is but giving
All the life to Him who gives.
Life's true measure is its pleasure,
Pleasure in Life's duty lives.

Mem'ry's iron bell is sobbing
 Sadly through the mists of years;
Oh! so desolately sobbing,
Rusted o'er by Sorrow's tears.
Dreary comes its ceaseless moaning;
 Weary is my heart's reply;
And its doleful drear intoning
 Tolls this story dismally:
 Darkness ever! sunlight never!
 Snowflakes measure Time's sad flight.
 Tears aye starting, friends aye parting,
 Life is but a winter's night.

Mem'ry's triple bells are blending,
 Golden, silver, iron,—three;
All their varied notes ascending
 In one glorious symphony.
Pleasure, duty, sorrow given,
 Make the chord of Life, that swells,
Growing sweeter, till in Heaven
 Perfect chime the mingled bells.

Fact and Fancy

Loving, caring, doing, bearing,
Saying e'er, "God's will be done!"
Mindless whether cloudlets gather,
For behind them shines the sun.

Eleanor

Anonymous, '97

A child and a woman,
A witch and an elf,
More eiric than human,
Like only—herself.

A sunbeam, a flower,
All smiles and all tears;
To know for an hour,
And dream of for years.

A seraph from heaven;
A baby, a sage;
As simple as seven,
As wise as old age.

Queen Mab and Minerva;
A pout or a kiss.
Ah! even to serve her
Is exquisite bliss!

Fact and Fancy

Too light and too-airy
To wholly approve;
A dear little fairy,
To sigh for and love.

The Death of Byron

Ralph S. Thompson, '01

He did not die amidst the mocking glare
Of some false, marble palace of delight;
Or where the fragrant, mauve Italian air
Swayed through the golden tree-tops; but when
 night

Across the silent marshes seemed to creep,
Forgetful of love's splendor and its blight,
Forgetful of the wrongs no prayers can right,—
He sank to sleep.

He did not fall where Greece's heroes fell,
The thunder of the battle in his ears,
For only could his dying dream foretell
The glorious freedom of her later years.
Peace stilled the passion which had scarred so deep
That tortured soul, and like a child whose tears
Have washed away his sorrows and his fears,
He fell asleep.

“Upon the Road a Comin’ Home at Night.”

Jesse Lynch Williams, '92

Upon the road a comin’ home at night
When work was done,—and I was tired and sore
But glad I didn’t hev to work no more
That day,—there allays used to shine a light,
Which used to cheer me up, and aid my sight
To find the path up to the kitchen door—
Which, when ’twas open, there ’ould be a roar
Of children’s voices, then a huggin’ tight.

It’s all so diff’rent now, from what ’twere then;
The hill is longer than it used to be
Before, although it is the self-same hill.
There ain’t no noise; the kitchen’s lonely when
I come; there ain’t no light to welcome me
Like when the lamp was on the window sill.

The Song of the Hammock

(To A. C.)

Pax P. Hibben, '03

*This is the song that the hammock sings,
As it swings and swings,
Swayed by the breath of each passing breeze,
Sweeping the ground with its fringed wings,
Under the shade of the sheltering trees . . .
As it swings and swings.*

All through the day, in the shadows,
I dance to the song of the wind,
Catch at the mutable sunbeams
The light-shifting leaves have designed—
All through the day, 'till at evening
A Lady seeks rest in the shade;
Half-closing dream-laden eyelids,
She lies in the nest I have made.
And she sings, as she swings,
A song, sentimental and low,
And softly I croon by the light of the moon,
Swaying slow to and fro . . .

Fact and Fancy

Then from the darkness Her Lover
Has stolen a place at my side;
Clearly his eyes to the Lady
Tell tales that his tongue has denied,
For, as the moon o'er the tree tops
His smiling old countenance slips,
Down to my fringe bends the lover
And raises her hand to his lips.
And they sing, as they swing,
A song, hesitating and low,
And softly I croon by the light of the moon,
Swaying slow . . . to and fro . . .

All through the night, in the moonlight,
I ripple and sway with the breeze;
All through the night, in the silence,
I smile at the moon through the trees;
The Lady and Lover have left me,
As others have done before
Radiant, happy and speechless—
I flirt with the shadows once more
And I sing, as I swing,
A song, reminiscent and low,
And softly I croon by the light of the moon,
Swaying slow . . . to and fro . . .

Princeton Verse

*This is the song that the hammock sings,
As it swings and swings,
Swayed by the breath of each passing breeze,
Sweeping the ground with its fringed wings,
Under the shade of the sheltering trees . . .
As it swings and swings.*

Copyright, 1902, by The Princeton Tiger.

Janus !

George R. Wallace, '91

Janus, the God of War,
Claims the first month of the year.
'Tis well, for the struggle of life is long;
The changing months bring joy to the strong—
But what of the weak one's tear,
O Janus, God of War?

Lines

Henry van Dyke, '73

A tear that trembles for a little space
Upon the trembling eye-lash, till the world
Swims through its broken circles like a dream,
Holds more of meaning in its narrow rim
Than all the distant landscape that it blurs.

A smile that flickers around a mouth beloved,
Like the faint pulsing of the Northern Light,
And grows, in silence, to an amber dawn,
Born in the sweetest depths of trustful eyes,
Shines dearer to the soul than sun or star.

A joy that falls into the hollow heart
From some far-lifted height of love unseen,
Unknown, makes a more perfect melody
Than hidden brooks that murmur in the dusk,
Or fall athwart the cliff with wavering gleam.

Fact and Fancy

Ah! not for their own sakes are sky and earth
And the fair ministries of Nature dear,
But as they set themselves unto the tune
That fills the heart; as light mysterious
Flows from the soul, and glorifies the world.

So shall a common wayside flower, touched
With tender thought, assume a grace more sweet
Than crowns the royal lily of the South:—
So shall a well-remembered perfume seem
The breath of one who breathes in Paradise.

Solitude

William F. Dix, '89

Out, out upon the smooth, dark lake
 Glides my canoe.
And the shadows from the moon, which chase
Here and there upon its placid face,
Are the only things which break
—Save my own craft's rippling wake,—
The deep, dark color of its blue.

Soft, slow descends the veil of night,
 Till the circling shore
Sinks in its folds. And the star-lit sky,
And the lake, and I,
Are alone with quiet, peaceful night,
Touched gently by the moon's soft light,
While stillness reigns above, behind, before.

The heavens high above the lake
 Arch o'er my boat.
And are reflected from below so true,
They seem both o'er and under my canoe.
Each sky-dome meets the other at the lake,
And so a perfect sphere they seem to make,
And through mid space, in solitude I float.

Interpretations

Ralph Duffield Small, '92

Ah! This is life:
To dream of pleasant things,
Reclining on cool couch of velvet green
With head lapped in the languor-steeping flowers,
To watch the birds drink deep from Heaven's blue
And hear the silver splash of water-fall,
Lulled into sweet repose,
Tranquility.

Nay, this is life:
Whirled in our little sphere
To grapple close with opportunity
And fight our dreams into reality,
Each hour to feel the mighty throb of years
And struggle through the mad and jostling race
Combatting circumstance.
Activity.

Inscriptions

James Barnes, '91

I found a rapier once, in Spain,
 'Twas tarnished, old and worn;
The blade all rusted, and from its hilt
 The gems and velvet torn;
Yet the steel was supple, and strong, and straight,
 And inscribed on a golden band
Was the line, " I am ever true to him
 Who holds me in his hand. "

I opened the clasps of a golden brooch,
 And found two pictures there;
One was a soldier young and brave,
 The other a woman fair;
And inscribed between on a silver wreath
 Were the words, " 'Though we should part,
I am true to the only one I love,
 Who holds me in his heart. "

The Rose's Tomb

Loren M. Luke, '93

Oh, musty tome, I've searched thee to the end
To find, perchance, some sense or sentiment;
Each following page is duller than its mate—
In vain on thee were time and labor spent.

But wait, oh book, my hasty words forgive;
Inside thy cover, at the very close,
There lies, where long ago by her 'twas placed,
The crumbled dust of some forgotten rose.

Thought-Flight

Charles Bertram Newton, '93

I.

Out of the depths of the unknown night,
 Into the endless dark,
Suddenly burst in its meteor flight,
 A glorious, golden spark!

Vanished! The starlight that was, is dim,
 Gone! And the darkness between
Settles more blind on the earth's gray rim
 From the loss of the meteor-sheen.

II.

Out of the depths of the unknown heart,
 Into the unknown night,
Suddenly burst, with its meteor dart,
 A glorious thought's swift flight!

Vanished! My thought-world that was, grown
 dim,
Plunged into starlight pale;
Vision of soul changed to darkness grim;
 Black after the meteor-trail.

A War Song of the Norse Land

Anonymous, '47

Up, up, with our banner,
Ye Jötuns of old,
To the star-dusted heaven
Our war-flag unfold.
From our own ice-girt mountains,
Unfettered and free,
Let our gonfalon glitter
O'er crag and o'er sea.

Our home is the darkness
Whence Chaos looks out
From the deep covered midnight
Of terror and doubt:
'Tis away in the Northland,
The home of the storm,
Where the frost-studded tempest
Unveils his wild form.

Our steeds are the hail clouds
That crash through the sky,
And the quivering sleet-winds
That revel on high.

Princeton Verse

Ha! ha! how they rattle,
And snort as thep sweep
Over mountain and hillock
And startle the deep!

On the crest of the billow
That battles the wind,
And rearing its proud head
No Jötun can bind,
We dash o'er the waters,
We break through the sea—
Ha! hurrah for the Jötuns,
No cowards are we!

Then up with our banner,
Our war-flag unfold,
We must struggle 'gainst Asgard
The land of the bold;
From our own ice-girt mountains
Unfettered and free.
Let our gonfalon glitter
O'er crag and o'er sea.

Bob White

Francis Charles McDonald, '96

At morn when first the rosy gleam
Of rising sun proclaimed the day,
There reached me, through my last sweet dream,
This oft-repeated lay:

(Too sweet for cry,
Too brief for song,
'Twas born along
The reddening sky)

Bob White!

Daylight, Bob White!

Daylight!

At eve, when first the fading glow
Of setting sun foretold the night,
The same sweet call came, soft and low,
Across the dying light:

(Too sweet for cry,
Too brief for song,
'Twas but a long,
Contented sigh)

Bob White!

Good Night, Bob White!

Good Night!

The Sibyl's Response

Mark H. Liddell, '87

What is this long, low-rumbling moan
Which weighs like lead upon mine ear?
Its strange, monotonous, minor tone,
Dull-echoing, fills my heart with fear.
Say, Sibyl, what is this I hear?
"The rumbling of great wheels which go
E'er turning through their long career—
The millstones of the gods grind slow."

What is the grist the gods have thrown
Into their stony jaws? There's here
Some mystery—may it be known?
"The grain which doth so strange appear
Hath grown for many a weary year;
This, sorrow-sown and reapt in woe,
Aye, reapt with many a falling tear,
The millstones of the gods grind slow."

Hast heard the tale of Sisypheon,
At whom e'en gods have learned to jeer,
Ere pushing at a senseless stone?
Or how Prometheus, bold to flee

Fact and Fancy

At thunderbolts, was made to fear?
Or Tantalus?—but now men know
(’Tis knowledge which hath cost them dear,)
The millstones of the gods grind slow.”

L’envoi

Then asked I her: “When this great work is
done,
What is the flour the gods will show?”
“The fine white flour of Truth; for this alone
The millstones of the gods grind slow.”

Just for a Minute

F. J. H. Sutton, '98

'Twas only a minute she paused and smiled,
The day grew brighter and dark thoughts died;
'Twas only a minute—but she beguiled
My soul from my baser side.

'Twas only a minute she paused, and so,
She passed up higher than my dull sight.
'Twas only a minute, how could she know
She had given one mortal—light?

Endymion

Marion M. Miller, '86

In some green nook upon Mount Latmos, lies
In endless sleep, the youth Endymion,
Ruddy and shapely as a dreaming faun
Whom roguish wood-nymphs deck in merry guise.
But ah, for him comes no such glad surprise
As that the wakened satyr looks upon.
And oh, for her, the Night Queen, watcher wan
Beside him till the beckoning stars arise,
Who, with a thousand kisses and sweet sighs,
Storms his unyielding eye-lids, comes no dawn
Of waking love to greet her pleading cries.
Alas for lovers all, who ne'er surmise
The veil betwixt them is of thinnest lawn,
And die in doubt. Love, open thou our eyes!

The Moon

George Tucker Bispham, '04

The moon that fills her lonely trail with light
Has worn the path on high,
Since when God's hand divided day from night,
And built His arch of sky.

The moon that watches o'er the silent world
Has found, by seas afar,
Forsaken plunder of slain armies hurled
O'er the wide plains of war.

The moon that shines upon my babe, asleep,
Has shed her radiance mild
Within a peaceful manger, where the sheep
Lay by the Holy Child.

The Hothouse Violet Speaks

Robert Bridges, '79

I've calmly lived my sunny little life
Under the crinkling glass, and free from strife;
The sky above and all around is blue,
And from this haven now I come to you.

Fair lady, tell me have I heard aright,
That other flowers do not live so bright?
That in dark forests and by noisy streams
The pale wood violet sheds its purple beams?

While we are merry in this fireside glow
My humble cousin shivers in the snow;
And yet a cricket whispered once to me
That *I* the captive was,—my cousin, free!

Sometimes I've dreamed the cricket told me true;
I've longed for freedom and the pleasing view
Of moss-grown hummocks and great whispering
trees,
With gold-winged songsters humming in the
breeze.

Princeton Verse

The dream is over—I have lived my day
Sheltered in sun with other violets gay;
And now I'm borne afar to Paradise,
To find my haven in your gentle eyes.

If I may touch your lips I'll die content
Without one glimpse of freedom, or days spent
In woodland dells; oh, murmur while I fade
Your own sweet mem'ries of the forest glade!

Come tell me quickly, for my brief hours pass;
What! *You too captive in a house of glass?*

Copyright, 1902, Charles Scribner's Sons.

A. D., 1608

William Miller Gamble, '98

'Morrow, grandam! Gi ye good-day
—Nay, I'll not be sittin' down—
But hast thou heard Anne Hathaway
And her good man be back in town?

Anne?—Nay, marry, thou know'st she
—That high-headed farmer's quean.
—Mind the wedding day? He-he!
She nigh thirty—he nineteen!

But, Lord! A mad cap rogue was Will
As e'er cut japes, o' day or dark:
'Mind all they fat bucks 'a'd kill,
Poachin' in 'Squire Lucy's park?

Well, 'a's none the worse for all,
Now 'a's got's own house and land,
Corn in's crib and kine in's stall:
—Ay, right well 'a's turned 'is hand.

Princeton Verse

—'Acted plays and managed too—
So, they say, 'a got 'is pelf;
'Tis said (nay, I misdoubt 'tis true)
Once 'a writ a play 'is-self!

* * * * *

—Grandam, know'st who yonder be,
Strollin' hither down the walk?
On my soul!—It can't be *he*,
—Wonder if 'a heerd us talk.

See the cut o' 's beard and hair—
Mass! How bald 's fore'ead be,
Eh-h! And now 'a 's leaning there
O'er thy gate to talk to we.

—Well, 'a 's good at heart, I vow,
(Plague o' this old shifty gown)
Hist!—'a 's speakin'—sure enow,
Wild Will's back in Stratford town.

Transition

Jesse Lynch Williams, '92

Before I pass from youth
To manhood, while I still can turn and see
The cloud-capped castles, the sweet mystery
Of childhood's play-house, I would close my eyes
For one last farewell dream: The old fond life
When fancy made of life one long surprise,
And time no meaning held save as a birth
Or end of joys—that others might begin;
Let me drift out upon that shining sea
All golden with the first life-tint of dawn,
That sea which has no shores nor restless tides,
Whose skies are peopled with strange imagery,
—As children sit in grave-faced solitude,
Watching the water with queer ponderings
On what they do not know and cannot see.
O sacred innocence, thy strings are touched
In sweetest chord with nature's harmony!

Ah me! The sweetness gone, I still can press
Illusions to my breast, and dream.—But ah,
To dream as *once* I dreamed, before I heard

The clatter of the world, before I knew
The distant shining hills were banks of clouds
—Is hard, and will be harder when I've passed
From youth to manhood.

And Youth too must go?
Yes, heart of mine, perhaps we should with joy
Await that time when we shall say, "Good bye
My Youth." Yet well I know a time will come
When I shall turn and lingeringly gaze
Back fondly at my present self, and smile,
To think that I so little knew the *real*
Of this misshapen world,—and sigh as now
I sigh when thinking of those bitter days
When first I learned that heroes were but men.
—Ah, yes; with trembling I shall call perhaps,
With weeping and with stretching out of hands,
"Return! O strange, sweet, dreaming-time called
Youth."

The Stupid People

Booth Tarkington, '93

Red-satin-clad, I walked the town,
No ladies on me smiled;
I ruffled it up street and down,
Nor gazed a single child.

There strolled that shabby white-faced man,
Whose eyes are touched with fate,
And after him the people ran,
If he but left his gate.

By special permission.

Forgetting

Anonymous (about 1857)

Dipping oars in the shining water,
Swimming on in the silent stream,
Floating beneath the bending branches,
I lose the weary world and dream.

Crowding the cities' stony streets,
Strong men are rushing: and all that meets
The watchful glance of a searching eye,
Is haste—and toil—and slavery.

Over his volume the scholar stoops,
Heeds not the laugh nor the gladsome groups
Of merry children; his eyes are cast
Far back in the book of the cloudy past.
Oh scholar! why torture the weary brain
With that which can never come back again!
The light of the present is ever dim,
And shines with no brightness or glare for him!
But he's ever turning his lingering gaze
To lose itself in a shifting haze.

Fact and Fancy

The surf may rush from the dashing sea
But what is its musical moan to me?
The waves may beat on the rocky coasts
That bleakly frown on the billowy hosts:
They cannot frighten my dream away,
Or hasten the close of my golden day.
Though weak and sinking, the weary yet
May rest if fainting they can forget:
'Tis all the happiness men can seize
From passing moments as swift time flees.

So I can sit and gaze and wonder
—Nearer each day to the boundless sea—
If the white clouds that glitter yonder
Hide the bright land where the blest shall be!

Snow

Anonymous, '72

Fall, Fall, Fall,
Ye beautiful flakes of snow,
As pure as the heart of a maiden,
How they lightly come and go,
 The beautiful snow!
 The lovely, feathery snow,
 The sweet and innocent snow.

Soft, Soft, Soft,
It falleth so silently,
As light as the kiss of a lover,
Caressing so tenderly,
 The beautiful snow!
 The tender, comforting snow,
 The gentle, covering snow.

White, White, White,
It hangs like a bridal veil,
While the stars shine through like a maiden's eyes,
So beautiful and pale,

Fact and Fancy

The beautiful snow!
The solemn, vanishing snow,
The silently-falling snow.

Cold, Cold, Cold,
It is falling everywhere,
'Till it shrouds with its marble coldness,
All earth so white and fair.
The beautiful snow!
The cruel, beautiful snow,
The living, treacherous snow.

The One of Three

Francis Charles McDonald, '96

I knew not faith nor sought her by the way—
Hope passed before me through the dark'ning
land,
Holding her torch of guidance high in hand,
Which shone so that I recked not night from
day—
Love lingered by my side, and, half in play,
Kissed me for comfort;—then, half earnest,
planned
A golden future, while soft breezes fanned
Hope's torch, and grew to gusts. The skies
were grey,
And sullen overhead. The torch went out—
Love fell to weeping wretchedly, and passed
In sorrow from my side, the merest wraith;—
Out of the mist appeared the face of Doubt,
Stern and all pitiless. Then I sank at last,
And, groping blindly, called aloud for Faith!

Ode

On the Rhine's Returning into Germany from France

Horace B. Wallace, '35

Oh, sweet flows thy current by town and by
tower,
The green, sunny vale and the dark linden
bower;
Thy waves as they dimple, smile back on the
plain,
And Rhine! ancient river! thou'rt German
again.

The roses are sweeter, the air is more free,
More blithe is the song of the bird on the tree;
The yoke of the mighty is broken in twain,
And Rhine! dearest river! thou'rt German
again.

The land is at peace and breaks forth into song,
The hills in their echoes the cadence prolong,
The sons of the forest take up the glad strain,
"Our Rhine, our own river, is German again!"

Princeton Verse

Thy daughters, sweetest river, thy daughters so
fair,
With the eyes of dark azure and soft sunny hair,
Repeat 'mid their dances at eve on the plain,
“Our Rhine, our own river, is German again!”

Ruy Blas

Pax P. Hibben, '03

O Queen,
For Thou art strong,
And down the glimmering road
That seems so dim to me
Thine eyes reach far and fair—
Because Thy heart must know
What I have lived, and pity,
Stretch out Thy hand,
That I may kiss Thy finger-tips
And look into Thine eyes
This one time more—the last!

O Queen,
Yet art Thou kind!
For Thou hast helped me kill
My heart, and now I start
Upon my way again
With shoulders back and head
Erect—indifferent—

Princeton Verse

With new-found strength
To fight back images of things
Long past, but once so dear!
Ah, Queen—my heart is dead!

Copyright, 1902, by the Author.

“As a Watch in the Night”

R. C. Hallock, '82

A windy night of time, 'neath skies
 Lashed black by tempest, rain, and hail;
A hungry sea that leaps and cries
 Like hungry wolves upon the trail;
And one lone soul flung forth in strife
With sea and tempest—this is life.

O human life, and consecrate
 To sorrow, sin, and suffering,
A mist of night and mock of fate;
 O Infinite no man can win,
Whose steadfast skies still arch above
Our steadfast hate and changeful love!

Together 'neath the skies we stand,
 God's starry skies and plight our love;
Each offered hand meets clasping hand;
 The place is holy—God's above!
The plighted faith and love—Alas!
They wither as the with'ring grass.

Princeton Verse

Beside a stricken couch we kneel,
Whereon is laid our soul's beloved;
Our pleading, up-turned eyes appeal
To brazen heavens that are not moved;
“Dear God, grant life—Oh say not Nay!”
The heart-beats cease e'en while we pray.

A thousand generations die
In tears and blood, yet find no speech
Nor voice, to tell their woe; no cry
The overarching skies to reach.
As die dumb beasts, the sons of men
Die dumb and speechless in their pain.

O mist-clad life mid mournful years;
O soul, that strives and sinks at last!
O blood of men, and blinding tears,
And hopeless Night when all is past!
Perchance the night will give us rest
And dreamless slumber—that is best!

Antiquated Volumes

William M. Gamble, '98

O pale-faced friars of orders brown and grey,
A mightier power ye wield than I can tell!
Each, at his vigils, humbly in his cell,
Alike at dead of night or sunlit day,
Silent ye seem to wait and muse and pray.
But he who knows your sacred cloisters well,
Owns your resistless influence and spell,
Glad subject to your strong and gentle sway.
So oft to the confessional he hies,
Where ignorance is the only fault confessed,
And so continued converse him enthralls,
And many a full-rapt moment fleeting flies
From him, with reverent head bowed on his
breast.
Then meekly ye betake you to your stalls.

The Dear White Hand

Henry van Dyke, '73

Into the land of dreams I went,
Sorely stricken and fever-spent,
With wild confusion in my brain
And liquid fire in every vein.

I wandered there a thousand years,
'Mid horrible shapes and sounds and fears;
When, like a spring in a desert land,
There came the touch of a cool, white hand.

Smooth and delicate, tender and light,
It led me safe through the haunted night;
From every foul and fearful thing
It shielded me, like an angel's wing.

My soul came up from the valley of death,
And spoke with slow and feeble breath,
"Sweet angel's hand that made me live,
What live-long service may I give?"

Fact and Fancy

But when I dared to lift my eyes,
My heart beat fast with glad surprise,
For I knew by the face that was bent above,
The debt was cancelled all by love.

The After-Echo

Henry van Dyke, '73

When the long echoes die away
Along the shores of silence, as a wave,
Retreating, circles down the sand;
When one by one, with sweet delay,
The mellow sounds that cliff and island gave,
Have lingered in the crescent bay,
Until by lightest breezes fanned,
They float far off into the dying day,
And all is still as death;—
Then listen! hark—
A slender wavering breath
Comes from the border of the dark;
A note as clear and slow
As falls from some enchanted bell,
Or spirit, passing from the world below,
That whispers back, *Farewell*.

So in the heart,
When fading slowly down the past,
Fond memories depart,
And each that leaves it seems the last;

Fact and Fancy

Long after all the rest are gone,
Comes back a well-remembered tone,—
The after-echo of departed years,
And touches all the soul to tears.

Sleeping

Burton Egbert Stevenson, '94

Gather thy brightness, O Sun,
 Glory on glory up-heaping
Over the low, grassy mound,
 There where my darling lies sleeping.

Breathe, O ye Winds, the perfumes
 Of the orange-groved South in thy keeping,
Leave all their fragrance to cling
 There where my darling lies sleeping.

Come with thy tear-drops, O Rain,
 Though can'st but image my weeping.
Comfort the roses that mourn
 There where my darling lies sleeping.

Snow-mantled Winter, descend
 As down from the Pole thou art sweeping,
Spread a white, glittering shroud
 There where my darling lies sleeping.

To Marian

(Ætæt Four)

Ralph S. Thompson, '01

When Cloudland burst its golden bars
And thou camest drifting through,
The splendor of the nether stars
Had dimmed thine eyes of blue;
And magic dreams of things divine
Hung o'er thee, dear,
Clung o'er thee, dear—
Oh, baby sweetheart mine!

And on your lips Love's seal was laid!
Thou might'st not breath the song—
That God in dream-lost ages made—
Unto our world of wrong.
And day by day those dreams of thine
Fled from thee, dear,
Sped from thee, dear—
Oh, baby sweetheart mine!

Princeton Verse

Till as the last dear memory died,
From Cloudland angels came,
And kissed thy blue eyes, wonder-wide,
And kissed thy lips aflame;
And on thy soft cheeks set God's sign
To guard thee, dear,
To ward thee, dear—
Oh, baby sweetheart mine!

And as their swift wings lit the skies,
Love's first word, like a prayer,
Fell from thy lips, and to thine eyes
A new light fluttered, fair
As the golden sun on chalice wine:
For love held part
Of thy pure heart—
Oh, baby sweetheart mine!

An Order

C. F. McClumpha, '85

Find me a sky of softest grey,
 Fringe it with golden light,
Mingle the glare of brightest day
 With the shade of approaching night.

Bring me the green of the springtime leaves,
 Blend them with russet brown,
Mixing the velvety ash of bark
 With the ember of swany down.

Choose me a bank whose gentle curves
 Slope to a bubbling stream,
Bathing in crystal beds of moss,
 Where the fairy-folk frolic and dream.

Search me the violet's liquid blue,
 Rivaling mountain lake,
Which on its bosom, calm and true,
 For the sky would a mirror make.

Princeton Verse

Let a soft ray of sunny light
Break through a broken limb,
Showering its gold on buttercups,
As the gifts from a sovereign king.

Paint me a picture of such design,
Call it a glimpse of spring,
Decking the earth in such array
As the beauties of nature bring.

The Song, the Sigh, the Tear

Anonymous, '58

There is a song, so sweetly low,
The heart will still its beating,
To hear the almost silent flow,
Or catch the voices as they go,
So tender yet so fleeting.

It is a song, that memory sings,
The echo that forever clings
Around the rudely sundered strings,
That quiver'd but an hour,
That sings in plaintiff swelling notes,
As soothing, as the breath that floats
From some crushed, dying flower.

There is a sigh, so softly calm,
The soul will hush in sorrow,
Startled, to hear the sad alarm
That seems to presage coming harm,
Within the dark tomorrow.

Princeton Verse

It is the sigh, that memory heaves,
The rustling of the wither'd leaves,
That fall whene'er the soul receives ,
 The whisper from the past;
For there how many echoes swell,
How many gladsome pleasures dwell,
 That seemed too sweet to last.

There is a tear that oft will steal
 Unnoticed, down the cheek,
For wounds that time will never heal—
Those sorrows that the soul may feel,
 The tongue can never speak.

It is the tear, that memory sheds,
For those who rest their aching heads
Within the cold earth's narrow beds,
 The dark and silent grave;
For mould'ring there, the once loved form
Forgets the kiss, still lingering warm,
 It once so fondly gave.

Influence

Robert H. Schauffler, '02

The last light lingers in the west
Upon some bits of floating cloud
Which ever gleam and gleam, while to the rest
Are but allowed
Fainter, reflected rays to light them forth
Into the chill, black north.

This lot be mine:—
To catch the glow direct from some world-light
Whose influence, serene and bright,
Shall tinge my night
And, by reflection, shine
On darker dust-clouds, back along the line.

A Song of the Sea

Charles Francis Dunn, '97

When the sky is gray and dark
All the dreary winter day,
And the changing shapes of mist
Wander silently away
Past the moors, and turn and twist
Through the valleys, through the gray
Darkness shoreward on the bay,
Then the stern wind of the evening,
From the ice-bound boughs by the sea,
From the willows along the marshes,
Thrills a mournful melody.
And the boom on the rocks of the breakers,
Which the vast lone ocean brings—
With a roar in the vanishing twilight—
Keeps time with the harper's strings.

There's a wild joy in the voice of the sea
When he sings of the winter weather,
Of the ships they have cast on the rocky coast,
He and the wind together;

Fact and Fancy

Of struggling forms in the darkness
They have carried far out in the deep,
Where the wind made them a cradle
And the sea sang them to sleep.

Asleep, asleep,
A thousand fathoms deep,
In a palace of pearl
My watch I keep,
Where their white forms sleep.
And around I furl
A robe of velvet sheen
That is curiously wrought
And woven by me
Of mosses and sea-weed green;
And I deck their hair
With my jewels rare;
And over their slumbering
I kneel down in the deep,
And with the touch of my icy hands
Soothe their weary spirits asleep.

It's a mournful vigil the two old friends
Keep to-night on the shore,
And a mournful song they sing the while
The long white breakers roar.

Princeton Verse

There's a fiercer tone in the song of the sea,
In the music a sterner swell,
When faintly over the waters
Comes the sound of the harbor bell.

And they hasten forth from their caverns of mist,
And out through the gloom afar,
They gather the ships and hurry them in
To wreck on the rocky bar.

While the skies are gray and dark
On the dreary winter day,
And the changing shapes of mist
Wander silently away
Past the moors, and turn and twist
Through the valleys, through the gray
Darkness shoreward on the bay.

Back-Log Mounds

James B. Hunt, '02

Lyrics in gold
Shapes untold,
Pass in a ceaseless flow;
Pictures rare,
Drawn in air
As I dream in the gentle glow.

Stars in the vast
Dark sky of the Past
Lend depth to the silent night.
Isles in the sea
Of Futurity
Are a gleam in reflected light.

My fire is old,
The grate grown cold—
Not a lonely lingering ray.
Flown are visions and sprite
In startled flight
From the dawn of this grim To-day.

The Valley of Rest

"Carl," '68

Far from the land of the sunlight
Where flowers blossom and bloom,
Over the Stygian river,
Down in the region of gloom,
Down in the kingdom of shadows,
The kingdom of shadows and gloom,
There lieth a mystical valley,
Beloved of the poor and oppressed,
The weary and worn and oppressed,—
A valley of darkness and silence,
A valley of mystical silence,
A valley of stillness and rest.

All those who enter this valley
Must pass through the Stygian stream,
Must drink of the Lethean stream;
And their memories of home and of country
All fade like the forms of a dream,
Like the shadowy shapes of a dream.

Fact and Fancy

No trouble, nor sorrow, nor sighing
Is found in the valley of rest.
No sickness of heart and no weeping,
No sighing, nor sobbing, nor weeping,
So tranquil is every breast;
So tranquil and deep is the slumber
Down in the valley of rest.

To the children of want and of sorrow
The clods of that valley are sweet,
The sleep of that valley is sweet;
There the busy brain rests from its scheming,
Its plotting, and planning, and scheming,
There is rest for the wandering feet;
There the heart is at rest from its throbbing,
That ceaseless and feverish throbbing,
The rest there is placid and sweet;
There the wicked all cease from their troubling,
The weary and care-worn have rest:
There is peace in that shadowy valley,
That sunless and mystical valley,
There is peace for each world-weary guest.
Down in that valley of shadows—
That valley of shadows and rest.

A Norse Love Song

Kenneth S. Goodman, '06

Love! I am freer than the strong white wings
That sweep and skim above the white-lashed sea,
In that I love thee; richer than great kings,
Because thou lovest me.

Love, I am master of a spell more strong
Than ever minstrel wove into his art,
In that I made for thee a little song
That found thy deep, still heart.

Love, I am stronger than the gods that hurled
On men of old their joys and their alarms,
For see, sweetheart, I hold my own whole world
Clasped safe in my own arms.

The Alchemist

Thomas Noel Wrenn, '01

The winds are wild, for the spirits bold
Are riding the clouds to their mountain hold,
For a tryst, I wist, they haste to keep,
Their revels to wake, while the earth folk sleep.
Ho, dance if ye will, ye devils gay,
Who knows but I join ye ere the day!

How strangely the shadows come and go!
Leap high, ye phantoms of shades below,
For the fire flames fierce and the bellows creak,
And here, in my lonely hut, I seek
For a draught that shall steal from my heart all
 pain,
For a draught that shall make me young again;
That is clear and limped and pure and free
From the dregs of time and eternity;
A draught that I'll drink in the misty morn,
A draught that I'll quaff in the dream-deck'd
 dawn,—

Princeton Verse

And lo! ere the last drop passes my lip
The fetters of age shall from me slip,
And stepping forth from my tattered gown,
Shall see me no longer by age bowed down;
But strong as the willows that dip and bend,
And brave as the rivers that boldly wend
Out from the north, through cleft and glen,
To sweep with a grander peacefulness,
Into an ocean of sweet unrest.

I dream of scenes of days gone by,
I build once more my castles high,
I see them slowly fade and go
And vanish away like melting snow.

And this is the rede of the song I sing,
Pluck ye the joys that spring days bring,
For never again will the sky be bright,
For dawn is the hostage of the night.

From an Old Boat

Edward H. Butler, '04

How many miles I've seen
Of the dark bottom and peaceful green
That rims the river where I lie.
The water and the happy winds go by,
But I
Lie helpless rotting on the stream,
Feeling the same pulse beat,
Dreaming the same old dream
Of travel that the wind knows and the wave
Straining my cable when the ripples lave
The shore. To me their voice is sweet—
Calling the start and haply wondering why
I never heed them as they hurry by.
I, too, in the old days
Sprang lightly to the call of wind and weather,
Leaped through the water ways,
And then 'twas good to feel
The fresh waves pressing on my burnished keel,
The sail hard set against the mast,
The salt wind from the sea come blowing fast

Princeton Verse

As we pressed home upon the tide together.
We met the yellow beam
Of the young summer falling on the stream;
Anon a patch of black
Where branches droop and waters eddy back,
To rush again with doubled force
Down the clear reaches of the water-course.
We knew the hidden things
That haunt the ultimate springs
Of the black bottom, sable shapes that pass
So shadow-like across the dusky grass.

Ah well, 'tis good since those old days are gone
To slumber on and on;
To hear as in a dream
The little prattle of the lispig stream;
To rest me careless of the rise and fall
Of the old sea-wind, heedless of its call;
To listen to familiar waves that now
Lap sleepily about my rotting prow;
To rest securely here and know that I,
Not all forgotten by my friends, can die.

Copyright, 1902, by the Nassau Literary Magazine.

On the Glacier

Henry van Dyke, '73

At morning, silence reigns supreme,
 No sound the frozen stillness breaks,
 Save when the avalanche awakes
The echoes, far as in a dream:
Its sudden thunders, dying, seem
 To leave the air so still it aches.
At noon a myriad brooklets spring,
 And every brook light music makes,
Till all the deep crevasses ring;
 At intervals, a larger stream,
Slipping between two pale blue walls,
Makes louder music as it falls.
 So in the poet's heart, the glow
Of passion wakes the powers that sleep;
A thousand thoughts and feelings leap
 To life,—spontaneous into song they flow.

The Soldier's Toast

Ralph S. Thompson, '01

We are met on the eve of battle,
As sons of a brave land should;
And tomorrow—who recks of tomorrow?
For the songs and the wine are good,
And our comrades' laughter is round us,
And regret is a thing apart.
So come! to the song of the glasses—
I drink to the girl of my heart!

You will toast to a happier fortune,
To the end of endless wars;
You will toast to the land that bore us
And her fair, far-fluttering stars.
And never a heart but will quicken
As the dear old songs up start;
But I pledge to tenderer memories—
I drink to the girl of my heart!

By your thoughts in the clear, calm midnight,
With you and your God alone;
By your dreams in the hush of summer;
By the prayers you have never known;

Fact and Fancy

By the name of some girlish playmate;
By the love no seas can part,
I charge you drink to the toast of toasts—
I drink to the girl of my heart!

The Mountains

Edward P. Davis, '79

Sole monarchs of the wide spread earth around,
We sit imperious on our lofty throne;
Cloud-mantled in our vestments vaporous,
Snow-ermined with the plumage of the air,
Crowned with the adamant of flashing ice,
And girt about with heavy forest girths.
We keep a solitary state, sublime
And most profoundly awful; at our will
The avalanche leaps thundering down the cliff
And smites, as with a sudden sceptre stroke,
The cringing habitations of mankind:
The lightning is the gleaming of the sword
We wield in anger, and our wrathful voice
Reverberates through all the halls of space
In thunderous diapason; raging storms
And dread tornadoes are the messengers
Of our displeasure; when the molten flood,
A hissing scourge, falls on the throbbing earth,
The puny race of man is mad with fright,

Fact and Fancy

And adds new insult to our majesty
In prayers, and tears, and useless sacrifice,
As if the lords of silent solitude
Would listen to the wailing of a worm!
The gods do not forever wield the lash,
But sit apart, wrapped in the deep reserve
Of those who are, and have been, and shall be;
And, at our feet, our eagle courtiers
Pay haughty homage to their masters' power;
While, in the grandeur of a mighty pride,
Walled round from man by a Divine remove,
We sit eternal in the upper air.

A Reberie

George R. Wallace, '91

Snug in my easy chair I sit and gaze
On folios of philosophic learning;
I sit and gaze, nor ever turn a page,—
I'd break a vision by a page's turning.

I'd break a vision full of rare enchantment,
For stretching, wide before me, I can trace
A silver lake, and limned on its horizon
The clear and sunny beauty of your face.

Again I move the oars and hear the ripple
Against the bow, when in the stern-sheets there,
From watery beds you drag the yellow lilies,
The vagrant breeze is lurking in your hair.

Your eyes are smiling with their sweetest meaning;
I move the oars and care not where we go;
What matters it? The lake is spread before us;
We'll drift and dream until the sun is low.

Fact and Fancy

Snug in my easy chair I sit and gaze;
But what care I for Locke or Kantian learning?
I sit and gaze, nor ever turn a page,—
I'd break a vision by a page's turning.

A Song

Francis Charles McDonald, '96

This I learned from the birds,
 Dear heart,
And they told me in woodland words,
 Apart,
And they told me true—
That all their singing the summer through
 Was of you, of you.

This I learned from the flowers,
 Dear heart,
In the dewy morning hours
 Apart—
And they sware it, too,
That all their sweetness the summer through
 Was for you, for you.

This I learned from the leaves,
 Dear heart,
On stilly, starry eves
 Apart—
Though their words were few—
That all their sighing the summer through
 Was for you, for you.

Fact and Fancy

This I learned from the stars,
 Dear heart—
From the Seven Sisters, and Mars,
 Apart
In the boundless blue—
That their light the lingering summer through
 Was for you, for you.

This I learned from my life,
 Dear heart—
'Mid its storms, and stress, and strife,
 Apart—
(God knows it's true!)
That I need to love me my long way through,
 Only you, dear, you.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

When Bess Goes Out

William T. MacIntyre, '02

When Bessie goes outdoors it seems
As if it mayde alle nature glad
With joyousness and fayre daye dreams,
 When Bess goes out.

And e'en ye tymid larke soe sad
Seems roused as bye Aurora's beams
To carole sweeter far than e'er it had.

While from ye gaylie rippling streams
There courseth melodies soe glad
That naught in them could ill beseem
 When Bess goes out.

Ande when she walks ye roses breathe
Their fragrance on ye jealous aire.
While blue-eyed violets bequeathe
Their alle to her they deem soe fayre.

Suche happiness in sooth is found
Quite everywhere when she's around,
That would that I were there
 When Bess goes out!

The Proud Lober

Booth Tarkington, '93

I.

Nay, never wave your fan at *Me*
To come and kneel and tie your shoe!
I'll seem most stiffly slow to see;
Or, if I turn, will gaze at you
So coldly it will fright you, there,
From your high airs of suzerain.
I'll stoop, sometimes, to kiss your brow,
But never o'er your shoe-lace bow!

II.

What ails the minx? She's coming here.
I will reprove her insolence.—
My troth she has, but ne'er DeVere
Brooked any such impertinence!

III.

(A few moments later.)

The other's loose as well, you say?
—'Tis tied.—That's all, my love, to-day?

With Apologies to Scott

Anonymous, '98

“The stag at eve had drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on Monan’s rill.”
The foolish beast kept drinking more,
And moons were dancing by the score.
In fact he got a jag of jags.
The moral is: Don’t go to “stags.”

The Result

Anonymous, '00

There was a little garden and within it was a tree;
And upon the tree an apple that was beautiful to
see;
And there was a cunning serpent that could talk
as well as sting;
And there was a pretty woman who would bite at
anything.
So when the serpent told her that in order to
ensure
A delicate complexion that must every man allure,
She should eat the rosy apple that was hanging on
the tree,
Why, the pretty little woman could do nothing
but agree.
But in order that she might possess a partner in
her sin,
She called her darling hubby, the much-married
Adam, in;
He bit into the apple and he munched it with
delight,

Lights and Shadows

But after he had eaten it, he felt all was not right,
And looking his wife over, in a shocked, astonished
way,

“My dear,” he said, “I think you are a trifle
decollete!”

The Chrysanthemum

Anonymous, '97

The flower that of all the rest
I love the best of all,
Is the great big yellow chrysanthemum
That blossoms in the fall.

I know how lovely roses are,
And violets so blue,
But to my fall chrysanthemum
I'll be forever true.

There really is no reason why
This one flower is so dear;
Oh! did you hear that Billy's on
The Princeton team this year?

Jean

George R. Wallace, '91

She thinks I do not see the flush
That comes unbidden to her cheek,
The deeper lustre to her eyes—
Ah, Jean, your tell-tale blushes speak.

She thinks I do not see the gaze
That loves to dwell when thought unseen,
The sudden drooping of the lids
When eyes meet hers—I know you, Jean!

The dainty poise of that fair head
When speaks a someone I could name.
She does not guess—I make no sign,
But O, I read you just the same.

I see it all, and yet you ask
Why I should sad and silent be?
Alas, my friend, you do not know,—
She's smiling now; but not for me.

The D. U's

Anonymous, '00

Down by the edge of the cold pink sea
The grasshoppers sharpen their tusks all day,
While the oysters chirrup from tree to tree,
And the elephants swim and play.

The lizard-birds flap their glistening wings
With the boa-constrictor's long-tailed cubs,
And the fleet rhinoceros yawps and sings
On the leaves of the bum-bum shrubs.

Oh, take me away to the mucilage lands,
Where the pink-whiskered sea-serpent winks
and moans,
And the dolphins giggle and rub their hands,
And chew on rhomboid stones.

Tempora Mutantur

Anonymous, '97

When Ethel first to Princeton came,
A Senior, grave and stately,
Engrossed her heart, and Cupid's torch
Was set aglowing greatly.

When two years later at the Prom.,
A Sophomore gay and "naughty"
Took half the dances on her card,
Dan Cupid's mien was haughty.

Since then, alas, three years have fled—
A Freshman young and callow
Now holds the key to Ethel's heart—
But "Cupe" has fled in sorrow.

Triolets of Tennis

Marion M. Miller, '86

He

“Ah me! with what a witching grace
She wields that lucky racquet!
How queenly is her pose and pace!
Ah me! with what a witching grace
She serves the ball! How fair her face,
With such a smile to back it!
Ah me! with what a witching grace
She wields that lucky racquet!”

She

“His tennis suit becomes him well;
He's quite a handsome player.
If Hattie only wouldn't tell!—
His tennis suit becomes him—*Well*
There's Harry flirting there with Nell,
And I can still be gayer!
His tennis suit becomes him well;
He's quite a handsome player.”

Lights and Shadows

Hattie

“Aha! I see how lies the land,
And what is all the trouble!
Her game is plain to understand—
Aha! I see how lies the land;
She’s playing ‘singles’ with her hand,
Her heart is playing double!
Aha! I see how lies the land,
And what is all the trouble!”

Post Mortem

Anonymous, '97

My cigarette, my cigarette,
They speak unkind of thee, and fret,
And call thee coffin-nail; and yet
'Tis joy through all eternity to feel
That down here in my grave thou'rt near me
still—
A coffin-nail—my cigarette!

Milton Modernized

Anonymous, '94

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,—
Of these, one, Milton, spoke, and spoke him well.
But with these woes is numbered now the
 bitterness

That comes to him who on his favorite team
Hath wagered all his wealth and in the grand-
 stand sits,

Restrained by stern propriety and his best girl
From giving vent to all he fain would say,
When on the field he notes the ten-yard gains,
The runs around the end and final touchdowns,
Made by the opposing team.

And likewise also bitter is that state
In which man journeys on his homeward way
Down the long vista of the railroad ties,
 Yea, woe unutterable is this.

Slow

G. W. Gilmore, '83

A bashful Junior, who stood
No nearer than one pious should,
With eyes that said—so understood—
“The angel girl; I wish I could!”

A laughing face, not over good,
Out-peeping from a fleecy hood,
With eyes that said—so understood—
“Oh! my; the goose; I wish he would!”

En Garde !

William T. MacIntyre, '02

To fence with Phyllis is a joy
Which carries with it fear;
For hearts by her are cut in twain
And victims by the score are slain
Which proves her sport counts dear.

Upon her breast she wears her heart,
As red as red of rose,
And with a skill surpassing rare,
Joined with a dashing, laughing air,
Assumes the fencing pose.

“En Garde,” and then, ah then!
She pierces each who meets her steel,
With dashing verve displays her art,
In foiling moves to reach her heart
And those who fenced now kneel.

L'envoi.

Sweet Phyllis, though I fence with you
And your rare skill doth gain its mark,
Your lunge *en tierce* was needless quite,
For years ago you pierced my heart.

To a Mosquito

Anonymous, '58

Little, airy, *hateful* thing
Of spite the incarnation!
Now oft I've fumed to hear thee sing
While pausing on thy gauzy wing;
And longed to stop with rapid spring
Thy dainty hesitation.

What car'st thou, when "balmy sleep"
"Knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,"
What spell may o'er the senses creep?
" 'Tis not," thou pipest, shrill nor deep,
"To bite or not, this human sheep,
But only—where?"

Oh, bloody-minded insect thou!
To leech and vampyre-bat akin!
If true the Brahmin's creed—I trow
Some sanguinary ghost doth now
Urge thee to aim at nose or brow,
Thy weapon thin.

Lights and Shadows

Have at thee then,—oh tiny foe!
 Spur to the charge thy winged steed;
I'm sternly roused to deal a blow
 That well may lay the mite-y low;
For thou or I, I'd have thee know,
 Must surely bleed.

In vain! I turn, and twist, and sigh,
 And beat, with vengeful hands, the air—
Clutch at thee, as thou flittest by—
 'Tis but anon to hear on high
Thy monitory trumpet nigh
 Defiant—blare.

Bite on!—thou can'st then—atom dread!
 Beneath the clothes I quickly creep,
Hiding my sore, “diminished head,”
 Knowing thou'rt biding near my bed
And, in revenge, not having fed,
 “Hast murdered sleep.”

A Fragment

Edwin A. Dix, '81

Under the vines, rich with insects and grapes,
On a table with more than one worm on,
To the bee-buzzing tune of a mid-July noon,
The dominie's writing his sermon—
A six-headed sermon,
A go-to-church, love-brother, feed-the-poor sermon,
A tell-no-lies, covet-not, patient-be sermon.

He has chosen a text and he ne'er stops perplexed,
For he writes with uncommon facility;
Yet a bothersome fly, that is hovering nigh,
Almost spoils his good thoughts on humility.

“ ‘In the next place, my friends, we must’—ha!
there's a wasp:
Shoo! go off!—‘try to bear small vexations
With’—what's on my neck? Ugh! a worm,”
with a gasp;
“Above all, I hate *worms*—‘love and patience.

“ ‘Guard well ’gainst ill humor’—no, Jane, I
can’t come;

I told you I can’t be delayed!

A beggar? Well, send him away.—‘To the poor
Give ever good counsel and aid.

“ ‘Now, fifthly, ’—I’d just like to catch that young
fly,—

‘Be kind to the dumb’—I’ve got him! there!

And upset all my ink in the bargain, oh my!

I wish, I *do* wish I could sw——.”

The writer was doomed

To yet more annoyances,

For at this moment

Up rushes his boy and says—

“O, Pa! Charlie’s getting stung by the bees out in
the orchard, and there’s company to dinner, and
there’s a little green worm on your forehead, and
Ma says there ain’t a thing in the house for
dinner, and—”

The parson rushed out in despair.

Apropos

(A Translation)

C. W. McIlvaine, '85

Drinks the thirsty earth—
Drinks the rain she craves.
Drinks from wind the waves,
Borrowing its mirth.

Drinks the sun from sea;
Drinks the moon from sun—
Joy fills every one—
What, then, hinders me?

The Lecturer

Anonymous, '84

Students to right of him,
Students to left of him,
Students in front of him,
Scribbling and swearing;
Lectures on without a pause,
Logical inference draws,
Formal and final cause,
Jeremy Bentham's laws
Never forbearing.

(A syllabus has been issued.)

Loafers to right of him,
Loafers to left of him,
Loafers in front of him,
Nothing exciteful;
Nobody takes a note,
Not one of those who wrote,
But in their eyes they gloat,
And from their hearts they vote
"Ain't this delightful!"

In Vain

C. F. McClumpha, '85

I

She nodded first to him, they said,
 Across a crystal rill,
He archly smiled and bowed his head—
 The brook ran swift and still.

II

She tried to give her hand to him—
 The brook laughed out with glee;
He sought in vain to help her o'er—
 The stream swelled cruelly.

III

The frosts and wintry blasts have come,
 The rill is ice-bound now;
But she, poor vine, is withered—dead,
 And he's a leafless bough.

A Mixture

Anonymous, '71

In tempus old, a hero lived
Qui loved puellas deux;
He no pouvais pas quite to say
Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui meme un beau matin
“Now possum both avoir,
Sed si address Amanda Ann,
Then Kate and I have war.

Amanda habet argent coin,
Sed Kate has aureas curls;
Et both sunt very agathae,
Et quite formosae girls.”

Enfin the youthful anthropos
Philoun the duo maids
Resolved preponere ad Kate,
Devant cet evening's shades.

Princeton Verse

Procedens then to Kate's domo,
Il trouve Amanda there!
Kai quite forgot his late resolves,
Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed smiling on the new tapis
Between puellas twain,
Coepit to tell his flame to Kate,
Dans un poetic strain.

Mais glancing ever et anon
At fair Amanda's eyes,
Illae non possunt discere
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi vow,
With cheeks as rouge as wine;
And off'ring each a milk-white hand,
Both whispered, "Ieh bin dein."

A Bust

Anonymous, '97

A maid with a duster
Once made a great bluster
A dusting a bust in the hall.
And when it was dusted
The bust it was busted,
And the bust now is dust.
That is all.

A Grave Undertaking

P., '79

“Fond of funerals? Yes, rather. There were
none

In Digtown she did not attend.

She laughed 'till she cried

The first hearse she espied,

And they thought she was out of her mind;

How blind!

How unkind!

“She had wandered the earth like the Wandering
Jew,

Sought a man to her own funny taste;

Neither butcher, nor baker,

But a dark undertaker,

Who had death's slow tread and pale look,

She took

To her hook.

“They are happy, I ween, and sing dirges
together,

Lights and Shadows

And he tells her the tale of his life,
About coffins and bones,
Corpses, death, dying groans,
While she laughs and she croaks
At his jokes.
Funny folks!”

Unkind

Anonymous, '97

“Do you love me as much as you did, dear Jack?”
She queried in accents low;
“I don’t think you do, for you don’t call me ‘dear’
As you did some time ago.”

Jack thought of the candy, the flowers, and drives,
Of the money he’d had to “blow,”
Then he said with a sigh and a weary smile,
“You’re the *dearest* girl I know!”

'Tis Her So

William T. MacIntyre, '02

Arcadian bliss was long since past—
How could an hatless age e'er last—
When Allys fair of Paris town
Had donned her fetching Easter gown;
Had pinned upon her auburn hair
An Easter hat so witching fair
That every gallant whom she met
Construed for him her cap was set.

*That saucy, piquant, side-wise glance
Alone is owned by maids of France.
That chanceliere and tip tilt bonnet
Are worthy of a poet's sonnet.*

And as to Easter mass she goes,
In all her gorgeous Easter clothes,
The forty winks of Lent devout
Which e'en had kept the Devil out,

Princeton Verse

Were fading fast as one could see
Into a pious memory;
For the gay old World, as he had known,
Once more would call Allys his own.

*And in this verse a moral find,
Ye modern maids who be not blind—
For the Easter days of long ago
Were much the same as now, you know.*

Discovered

Anonymous, '91

The man in the moon
Looks so smiling and sly.
He's a roguish old loon,
The man in the moon,
For he peeped out too soon
As I kissed her goodbye.
The man in the moon
Looks so smiling and sly.

My Lady's Violets

Francis Charles McDonald, '96

Would I had been the sweet, wild boy
Of olden time whom Zephyr slew,
Who lives again to-day—ah joy!—
In violets blue.

My Lady holds, there, standing nigh,
A dewy nosegay to her lips;
Which grows the sweeter with the sigh
That through them slips.

Would I had been the sweet, wild boy
Whom Zephyr slew! What untold bliss,
As a mere violet, to enjoy
My Lady's kiss!

In Spring

Anonymous, '00

In spring a young man's fancy
 Lightly turns to thoughts of love,
And a maiden thinks of dresses
 As she should of things above.

But as time and seasons pass them,
 Each one growing nearer old,
There is no more vital problem
 Than to keep from catching cold.

Chess

Anonymous (about 1825)

Often debated they about their grade
Across the chess-board, where meanwhile they
 played.
Says one, "I move my rook—I think we'll take
 the second grade."
"The second grade? I take your Bishop—
 check!"
"The second's doubtful," answers his compeer,
"Check to your king, but to the third I swear—
Have you the first and second books reviewed?"
"No—That's the square on which my Bishop
 stood—
I mean on those two books to trust my fate—"
"You do? I move my knight and then check-
 mate."
Thus 'stead of studying for the grades they
 wanted,
They played at chess and took their grades for
 granted.

Lights and Shadows

And when at length the wanted grades were
stated,
These two chess players both found themselves
check-mated.

A Sermon in Stone

Anonymous, '91

A bashful swain loved a pretty maid,
But never yet had told her.
“Watch yonder rock, and learn,” she said,
“To be a little boulder.”

A Solution

Anonymous, '96

She asked me to paint her portrait;
I vowed that it couldn't be done,
That the colors to match her fairy charms
Were not to be found 'neath the sun.

For e'en though I caught her eyes' turquoise
And the tawny gold gleams of her hair,
Still the petal-pink flush of her rounding cheek
Would ever be my despair.

But, alas! for the wreck of illusions,
And the doom to which phantasies float;
Precisely the tint of her cheek's peerless glow
I found the next morn—on my coat.

In Olden Time

[Charles Francis Dunn, '97

In olden time, the merry men,
In leafy greenwood hazel glen,
 Poured good brown ale with roundelay
 And cheered the quarterstaff's stout play,—
Until the wild wood rang again.
I ween the world was narrow then:
Within a mile of heath and fen,
Each hardy forester grew grey
 In olden time.

But could the poet fitly pen
Their pleasure for our wide world's ken,
 We all would make a holiday,
 And hie us to the oak away,
To live a space like merry men
 In olden time.

Bold

Anonymous, '91

She asked for a kiss,
And I couldn't say no.
Let me whisper you this—
She asked for a kiss—
But she's my little sis-
ter, aged three years or so.
She asked for a kiss,
And I couldn't say no.

An Invention

Charles G. Leland, '45

The London Journal said some three years since,
That if one loves a maid and fain would show it,
He need not "speak right out" or kneel or sigh,
Or talk blank verse like any crazy poet;
Because a short hand way of making love
Had been invented by a noted dandy,
Who said one day "By all the *staws* above!"
He'd found the method most uncommon handy;
And this it was,—when you present a maid
With any trifle that she may demand;
But give it—if you love—with the left hand;
If she accept it in the self-same way,
Then bless your stars for once, oh lucky elf;
But if she *changes hands*, all I can say,
Is that you'd better go and hang yourself.

Can this be true? By Jove I will be candid,
Oh Cupid grant *my* mistress prove left-handed.

Educated

Anonymous, '91

A Wellesley B.A., and a Princeton C.E.

Were sitting one eve in the park—
So they solved the problem of Edison's light
By cutting the chord of the arc.

Rondeau

Anonymous, '95

I fain would know Clarissa's mind—
What thoughts therein a lodging find.

I long to see what dainty snare
Is set for fleeting fancies there—
A web by elfin hands designed.

Has she my feelings yet divined—
That in my heart she sits enshrined?
What if—well, though it mean despair
I fain would know.

If I should softly steal behind
And—that is, would she be unkind—
If, peradventure, I should dare—
Would I offend beyond repair?
Although to doubt it half inclined,
I fain would know.

Ethics

George R. Wallace, '91

“You’ve been real bad,” my sweet Madge said,
—She frowned and tossed her pretty head,
Though what I’d done I’d no conjecture—
“You’ve been real bad, and now for you
There’s only one thing I can do,
I’m going to give a moral lecture.”

Since then I’m trying to be bad,
—The hardest task I ever had,
For what to do I can’t conjecture —
But if it’s in me to devise
A plan to kindle those dark eyes,
I’ll win another moral lecture.

General Xerses and the Battle of Salamis

(A Fragment)

Anonymous, '72

* * * * *

Then, taking his three-cent cigar,
And ordering out a chair,
He had it placed upon the hill,
And took his station there.
Where, like Mahomet's coffin, fixed
Between the earth and sky,
He frequently was heard to ask,
"Boys, how is this for high?"

You know how high is Rocky Hill
Well, higher yet than this
Was that on which the General sat
O'erlooking Salamis.
Now, why they called it Sallie Miss
I can't say for my life;
Unless it was the maiden name
Of General Xerses' wife.

Lights and Shadows

But, be that matter as it may,
 There soon arose a din
And everyone was wide awake
 To see the fight begin.
The band struck up the Russian march;
 The Greeks sent up a shout;
And Commodore Themistocles
 Ordered the gun-boats out.

“**Beware**”

John C. Mathis, '86

A flirt is she, so débonair,
With face so sweet and form so fair,
With eyes that ever sparkle so,
With radiant beauty all aglow,
O youth with tender heart, beware!

You smile at her, I say take care;
She smiles at you,—beware the snare;
For now the truth I'll let you know—
A flirt is she.

You heed me not, and fondly swear
That one like her's beyond compare.
You scout at those who would foreshow
Your folly now and coming woe.
You've met your fate; you're now aware—
A flirt is she.

Not so Sure

Anonymous, '93

That the earth is in love with the man in the moon,
I think there's no reason to doubt,
But whether he's stuck on the face of this earth,
Is the thing that I want to find out.

Feminine Resistance

Anonymous, '95

A face so near,
The lips so sweet,
A youth, I fear,
Not quite discreet.

A voice that seems
Some boon to plead;
Refusal swift;
"Why, no, *indeed!*"

A second thought,
A tell-tale blush,
"Well, just this *once.*"
A sound—a hush.

* * * * *

Arithmetic

Don't rule this game,
For one and ten
Are all the same.

Song of the Ace

Anonymous, '82

I came from out the shiny pack,
From passes and from ruffles,
To waltz along that little game
'Mid endless cuts and shuffles.

And first I'm in a single pair;
The pile of chips vamooses;
And then I double up the bets
With but a pair of deuces.

I straighten out a bob-tail flush,
The dealer me replaces,
And then to make three of a kind
I join two other aces.

Until from Philip's sleeve I drop
To help fill up the shanty,
And hands may come and hands may go,
But still I scoop the ante.

Triplet

R. D. Dripps, '98

Her roguish little eyes are blue;
But can you tell just what they're saying?
Whene'er they seem to look at you,
—Her roguish little eyes so blue—
You're sure no *other* fellow knew
A half of what they are betraying.
Her roguish little eyes are blue;
But can *you* tell just what they're saying?

Unaccountable

Anonymous. '95

No doubt that Cinderella's face
Was sweet and fair and witching quite;
No doubt that in the whirling dance
Her airy form was love's delight.

But none the less, with all her charms,
An awkwardness she did evince
That makes me wonder how it it was
She caught that blithe and gay young Prince.

For when with slipper in his hand
He begged an answer definite,
With shocking lack of tact and grace
She went and put her foot in it.

Au Bal Masque

Anonymous, '00

Behind some palms I saw her stand,
I don't know why she did not dance,
I sought her out—my smile was bland—
She met me with a melting glance,
But when I tried to take a chance,
She said, "Don't kiss my hand!"

Ah, all too soon an evening slips—
Within a nook, far from the band,
I sought to kiss her finger-tips;
She said: "Don't kiss—my hand."
"I think," I said, "I understand."
I did. I kissed her lips.

The Reason

H. F. Covington, '92

I built a yacht, to call it Nell,
The fastest on the lake.

Who's Nell?

The masts are set,
The sprits in place,
And sails are wet

At last. The case
Of wine is broken,
As a token,

By Nell, over Nell.

Who's Nell? Won't tell?

Why, she—but well—

I built a yacht to call it Nell,
The fastest on the lake.

Her King

Anonymous, '96

“My King!” she said to me in joyous pride;
The glowing damask slumbering in her face
Burst forth, twin roses blushing side by side,
And to her flowering beauty gave new grace.

Ah, silvery notes like music's soft caress;
Ah, thrilling hope that can all else efface;
My own great burst of rapture, who can guess?
It was his king! She trumped it with an ace.

The Fair Spectator

Robert E. Rinehart, '04

On Nassau's stripes or Eli's blue
Alike will smile this lady fair.
She'll rule the Tigers' merry lair
Or flit to Yale's successful hue.

Victors alone, as victors' due,
Deserve her smile. Why cry beware,
On Nassau's stripes or Eli's blue
Alike will smile this lady fair?

Who'd not in ken of Beauty's view,
For Beauty's smile the daring dare?
Like Fortune's smile, 'tis not less rare
In triumph, though, she'll smile, 'tis true,
On Nassau's stripes—or Eli's blue.

Copyright, 1903, by The Nassau Magazine.

A Query

Anonymous, '95

We sat on the stair—
 Don't you think I did right?
She was so very fair
 As she sat by me there.

And—pray why should she care?
 There was no one in sight,
And we sat on the stair—
 Don't you think I did right?

A Reminiscence

Anonymous, '95

I see it all again; fair vision she
Of lace diaphanous and graces sweet,
And I—How clear the past comes back to me—
Was kneeling at her feet.

And while I waited breathless on my knees
A low voice faltered from those lips so rare,
“Arn’t-these-shoes-rather-small-for-num-ber-
threes?
Let’s see another pair.”

Inevitable

Anonymous, '93

He broke down at last,
When his sentence was passed,
 As a criminal commonly does;
But when charged to confess,
He replied, none the less—
 He'd be hanged if he would. And he was.

A Favoring Wind

Anonymous, '95

Her ankle is neat;
 You ask how I know?
Ah, that's indiscreet!
Her ankle *is* neat,
For sometimes on the street,
 When the winds of March blow—
Her ankle is neat.
 You ask how I know?

A Triplet

Marion M. Miller, '86

A reverent look
 From a gay Easter bonnet,
As if she forsook
 (*Such* a reverent look!)
All the world, save her book;—
 Are her thoughts fixed upon it?
A reverent look
 From a gay Easter bonnet.

Receipt for a Song

Frederick R. Torrence, '97

Oh! Always start with "Oh!" Or "Ah!" might
do.

Then choose the season and the time of day
Or night; and, having chosen, start your lay.

If spring, use "green," of course, and "winds
that blew,"

A "thrush," a "lark," and "moist with falling
dew."

But should you pipe "all on a Summer's day,"
Have "hot sun," "limped rills," and "new-
mown hay."

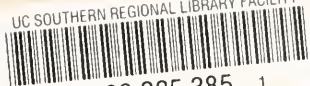
Give "Autumn leaves" a "sere and yellow" hue.
In Winter use the "crisp and frosty glare"

If your muse be Swinburne's—but if Browning's,
Sing from chaotic, formless nothingness

Of preëxistence, when you stood on air
Shudd'ring at dead faces and their frownings.

Use this, and you'll compose—well, who can
guess?

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA

000 335 385 1

